

10540-54



IN THE HAPPY OLDEN TIME !

INTROD'N.

ROSABEL.

Grow - ing old - er day by day, It is sweet to dream of this -
How we love to live a - gain Child - hood's fair and sun - ny hours,
From those days now dim and old Ma - ny vi - sions oft a - rise

In the years now pass'd a - way, With their scenes of joy and bliss;
Wan - d'ring down the dear old lane, Through the paths of fair - est flow'rs;
Dim - pled cheeks and locks of gold Sun - ny smiles and laugh - ing eyes

O - - ver all the ro - sy past, Re - - collec - tions footsteps climb
Stray - ing by each che - rish'd spot Where in youth we loved to climb
Mo - ther love and childish pray'r, Whis - per'd in a sim - ple rhyme;

To these hours too bright to last, In the hap-py old-en time.
 Not the slight-est word for-got, Since the hap-py old-en time.
 Un-for-got-ten o-ver there, In the hap-py old-en time.

CHORUS.

Soft-ly, sweetly, to and fro, Still the bells of mem-'ry

chime; While bright vi-sions come and go, Of the happy olden time.

D.C.